

IN THE SICK BAY

WALLOWING IN THE MUD

By Robert Reier

Over the past couple of months, one virus has wreaked so much havoc in the United States that people have changed their daily way of living just to take proper precautions. It was perceived by the public to be deadly and so contagious that it was dangerous to be anywhere near one of the unlucky hosts. Of course, I am talking about the H1N1 Swine Flu virus.

The first reports of the virus made it seem like an epidemic. Newspapers and television shows headlined stories of people in hospitals dying by the minute. It was only when the verifiable death tolls surfaced though, that the public found out the truth. Only a handful of people had actually succumbed to the disease, but at this point, the media had already done the damage. People feared this supposedly deadly virus and knew they should keep their guard up. I didn't really know what to think of the situation, until two days before Thanksgiving, when I started to feel really sick. By the hour, I started feeling sicker and sicker, until, on Thanksgiving Day, I could hardly move. I had a 103.6 fever, felt dizzy, had a runny nose, and could not stop coughing. I knew something was very wrong, and I went to the hospital. After waiting for over an hour to see one of the busy doctors, he came into the room for less than five minutes. I told him my symptoms, and he gave me the verdict. I had swine, and I thought I was going to be quarantined. The doctor ensured me that I would be fine. He prescribed a dose of Tamiflu, and by Saturday, I was as good as new.

My experience with Swine Flu has been somewhat interesting. Don't get me wrong, I felt extremely sick, and I feel bad for anyone else who gets it, but I still don't think that it was all it was hyped up to be. In reality, it was nothing more than the seasonal flu, and it definitely can be knocked out fairly quickly with a hefty dose of medicine. So keep washing your hands and using hand sanitizer, but if you happen to come across H1N1, treat it as nothing more than a regular flu.



CLEVELAND'S COMPANIONS

IN ABSENTIA

By Daniel Meagher

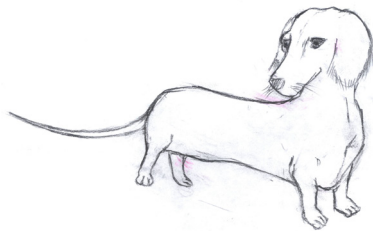
The second canine in this compilation of campus dogs is Ms. Wittenbraker's wire-haired dachshund, Porto. He's a regular at the library during study hall, guarding Ms. Witt's Español Extra Help table. His tiny piercing bark announces anyone

walking through the library. At other times during study hall, he's dashing up and down the Cluett first floor hall in a race of epic proportion with Cleveland, Mr. Gedrick's dog. If you see Ms. Witt, it's a safe bet that she'll soon be followed by a trotting Porto attempting to keep up despite his short legs.

I sat down with Ms. Witt earlier this week and asked her about the behind-the-scenes life of Porto. Ms. Witt got Porto when he was around two months old from Pineville, Louisiana; he is soon to be three. Shortly after Ms. Witt got Porto, they were on vacation on Lake Michigan when Porto learned to dig. Since then, Porto has become quite the digging expert. His holes are marveled at by any dog with a bone or any C.A.T. (the excavating machines, not the four-legged creatures).

Porto is named after the city in Portugal from which countless Portuguese explorers set sail. Porto, the dog, lives up to his name apparently and is an avid adventurer. One memory Ms. Witt has of Porto took place during her snowshoeing expedition in Minnesota, when Porto decided to venture off into a huge brush pile covered in snow. The entrance happened to be a fox hole. Whilst Ms. Witt was fruitlessly attempting to draw her beloved puppy away from a fatal altercation with a fox, curious Porto completely ignored her. Finally, as darkness fell Porto extricated himself from the snowy brush and faithfully returned to Ms. Witt. Exhausted, but extremely pleased with himself, he and Ms. Witt snowshoed back home to a warm fire.

Porto's favorite food is a toss-up between string cheese and Rice Krispie treats. Of course, Porto prefers the latter to be homemade. His hobbies include digging, playing fetch, going on hikes, and burrowing. One of his favorite games is burrowing under the couch to retrieve things. Although Porto is everything but a fixture of the library and East Dorm, he has also made guest appearances on Spanish quizzes as extra credit questions. He is a great companion for some of the other dogs as he is quite social and outgoing. Porto's birthday is coming up on February 15th, so if you see him wish him a happy birthday, and if you happen to have any extra string cheese, give him a treat.



FROM CAPITOL HILL

IT'S JUST A BILL

By Johnathan Grimmel

As debate over the Health care issue rages on, I feel it necessary to voice my opinion. Now, I'm all for the idea that this plan may help people, but allow me to present the facts and you may find that they betray the proposed good this plan promises. On November 17th, Congressman Mike Rogers in his opening statement on Health Care reform in Washington D.C. hit the issue on the head. In summary, he said that this health care plan would help only forty-six million people, roughly around 15% of the U.S. population. Now out of that 15%, only 30% hold one or more jobs that do not provide health insurance, and 70% do not have a job and are living off welfare. This information is from the U.S. Census Bureau. So, a majority of the 15% are people living off government handouts and not trying to do anything about it. Now, the 30% that are trying to work their way deserve help, unlike not the bums who sit around and do nothing but buy cigarettes and drugs with government

funds. So, why are we going to punish the other 85% of Americans that have worked hard to get health care benefits while we reward people that sit around and don't do anything? Not only does this hurt the 85% but it also gives the government more power. As Congressmen Rogers pointed out in section 141 of the Health Choices Commissioner Act, "The Commissioner shall provide for a redetermination of the individual's eligibility to be an affordable credit-eligible individual." This gives the government the power to take any individual off their plan. Also, if you have a gross payroll of \$250,000 within your company, the government can cut the whole organization off a certain plan. Now tell me that isn't too much power for the federal government. The fact that they are using \$250,000 as the mark of being rich once you take out the average expenses of a normal family of four is absurd; there is none, if not debt left over. It is a known fact that the U.S. has a great health care program as it is. The National Cancer institute, the National Cancer Intelligence Center for the UK, and Canadian Cancer Registry have all said that if you get a certain type of cancer (e.g. prostate cancer, skin cancer, breast cancer, lip cancer, kidney cancer, ovarian cancer, leukemia) you have a better chance of surviving in the U.S. than you would in the UK or Canada. Now, if we are going to pass this legislation, what incentive does it give a person to go out and work hard to get a good job with health care benefits? The plan sends the message, "If you don't work, you'll still get government handouts and health care." Instead, we need to leave the system alone and help promote people to get jobs, and for those who do hold one or more jobs that don't have health care benefits, we need to get them some. I don't really feel like getting surgery in the first place, and after waiting a year (if I survived whatever problem I had), I get a recent College grad who has never done this surgery on a person before? Yes, I want him to cut me open and poke around. We must not let this go any further, there are many other areas that need attention and I will be addressing them as the year progresses.

UNSUNG ATHLETE

LIDL LEADS

By Ben Ros

Though it be the mark of an inferior publication to partake in the proverbial "double-dip," and though it is most usually Matt Lessard who pens the Unsung Athlete, permit me to over step my boundaries for just this one occasion, for I feel compelled to inform the Phoenix readers on campus of a particular hard-working student. Though his athletic exploits are now a thing of the past, I would begin by revisiting his past affiliation with the cross country team. Chris Lidl reported punctually and dutifully to cross country practice every day. Sunlight glinting off the chrome of his dope ride, he arrived early to the Carleton Sports Center in his battle scarred Beemer with a boyish grin and a can-do-it attitude. If you were lucky enough to catch that Atlas of a man in his titanic struggle up the grassy knoll, water bottle racks clutched in each fist, lanyards of weighty keys hung round his belabored neck, sweat dripping liberally off his furrowed brow, a look of fiery determination burning in his eyes, staggering up that mighty incline with Herculean strength, congratulate yourself, for you have been made wit-

ness to the visage of gods. I may go so far to say that it is only his inspirational example that motivated the cross country team to return to that start-finish line, race after brutal race.

Off the field, Lidl might be considered Trinity-Pawling's personal handy man, putting himself in almost every corner of the extracurricular spectrum. His work in the Gardiner Theater is long-standing and impressive at the very least. Behind the scenes Lidl is one of the hard working gentlemen that make this campus run smoothly. Whether he dons his famously furred and feathered hat during play production or his worn working jeans while building sets, Lidl puts himself to good use around campus; from athletics to theatrics, Lidl is the universal man.

ON THE DORMITORY

MOVEOVER, DOCTOR SPOCK

By Jonathan Kalin

How does one become loved? I'm not quite sure, but with a spontaneous social experiment I feel that I have gotten closer to the answer.

As a proctor in a freshman dorm, one of my main responsibilities is to make sure that when the clock strikes 10, everyone is in bed that and their lights are off. For this to happen, my fellow proctors and I must start telling our freshman to brush their teeth and get ready for bed at approximately 9:45.

Ideally, they are all done brushing by approximately 9:57 and in bed by 9:59. At this time, I check to see if everyone is where they are supposed to be — in bed. This is where my experiment began.

In my first 4 or 5 weeks of proctoring, I would verbally "tuck in" the freshmen by simply saying "good night." My responses varied: some said nothing, some gave me a fake snore, and a couple responded with a "good night John."

On November 3rd, for no particular reason, I decided to add something new to my verbal "tuck in." I would say, "good night," wait for a response, and reply, "I love you." As expected with young teenage males, responses were stares of confusion and even grossed out by a male peer verbalizing love toward him. Responses included, "ummmm, okay," "what?" and, my personal favorite, "aaa, yeah." These responses intrigued me.

What would happen if I kept telling them I loved them? Thus, I continued the experiment. Some adapted quickly, while others were harder to crack. Slowly but surely, each one of my freshmen became comfortable with my new verbal "tuck in." So comfortable, that on December 2nd, when I checked to see if everyone was in, each one responded, "I love you too." A single tear ran down my cheek.

This experiment taught me a new lesson that is fairly simple. How does one become loved? I still don't know how to answer this for sure, but I now understand how to help my odds. One who loves, or at least says they love, is much more likely to be loved than one who does not love, and does not verbalize their love. Thus, my conclusion is -- to become loved, one must first love. One thing I should warn you about when putting yourself out there is the "prisoner's dilemma", ask Mr. Hutchinson about it.